

Sketch

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Burlesque

Mike Messenger*

*Iowa State University

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Leni lifted her empty glass in her gnarled hand. "Anybody want a refill?" she asked, scraping back her chair.

"She'll get another snort of whiskey too!" whispered my grandmother as Leni disappeared into the kitchen. "Children—ha!" she snorted. "She was probably older than his mother! Why, she was sixty-two at the time!" Her voice shifted to a louder tone as she heard Leni returning. "Do you really have to go home tomorrow, dear? Two days is such a short visit."

"I'm afraid I do." I said, wishing the sun was rising now instead of setting.

Leni sat down at the table and stirred her food. The smell of whiskey was strong at this close range, but it was having no visible effect upon her. She patted the sagging strands of her orange hair and took a sip of wine. "After I left Germany, he kept writing to me, pleading me to marry him, but in Spain I met this man, José. . . ."

Burlesque

—*Mike Messenger*
English, Fr.

She goes nude in autumn
stripping stitch by stitch
 more teasingly slow
 more pleasingly graceful
than Gypsy's bump or Sally's grind.

She left her dainty vesture
waiting at my feet
 to be gathered up
 to be set aflame
in my back yard passion blaze.